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THE WATCH TOWER

Published Quarterly by the Students of Rock Island High School

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For Reference
Not To Be Taken From
This Room

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Foreword

YOUR PURPOSE?

COACH HERBERT N. ROE.

DO YOU ever think?
Do you work for results?
Do you enjoy working and playing?
Do you play the game to win or just to pass time?
Do you ever predict your future or think you will ever amount to much?

This is not a sermon. It is just a reminder of the fact that each of us has "some things to learn," which must precede any sort of worthy accomplishment. Some few of us never worry about clothes, but are content to hold our eyes on the Book of Knowledge. Is'nt it strange we feel that way about some things?

To many of us, the business of going to school is hard enough to manage to make even a basketball player become serious. There is no bump that comes just so hard as the jolt that can be administered by a conscientious member of the faculty, whom you thought was bluffed into an acknowledgement of your superior powers. Right now, your mental stock wouldn't sell for two bits on the dollar in the commercial world because your "thinking machine" isn't recording anything worth while.

"Awful sick!" "Can't hold his head up!" When we hear that expression we extend sympathy, but we can't do that when we see a boy with his eyes on his shoes, and we say "Awful lazy." "Can't hold his head up!" That same fellow can't keep step in the gym, can't keep step in the class room, and he won't keep step with his competitors when he gets out in the world.

Some high ideal of usefulness and successful attainment is necessary during the years of high school or your future is very uncertain. Our lives change gradually and are moulded as neatly as the patterns we follow during our student days. The world will not regard you any more capable than you regard yourself, and recognition of ability always follows that recognition you give to self.

Consequently, a definite purpose in life, or a life made up of definite purposes, can bring you the happiness that comes with achievement and work well done. As you play a football game to win, play the game of life to win, and make the winning a definite purpose. Recognize the standards of society that will determine your real worth and try to conform to them. Get away from the things that are holding you back. It never pays to forget that there are more duties you owe to yourself than to anyone else, more battles to be won with self than with the world, and you "cant get away from it." Can you?

LITERARY

The Study

Louella Long, '16.

ROBERT WAYNE, a talented young English artist, after having spent several years in travel, searching for an ideal type of feminine beauty, visited America, which he had heard of as the country of beautiful women.

Though America revealed to him no one type whom he considered perfect, he was inspired to paint, from his imagination, his ideal. He worked feverishly for several weeks. Finally the picture was finished, and the artist surveyed his work with wonder. At last his greatest wish was accomplished — the creation of his ideal. A face serenely beautiful looked out from the canvas. The most striking feature was a pair of mistily deep violet blue eyes, shaded softly by long, black lashes. The small, daintily formed nose, and delicate mouth gave the face an expression of exquisite beauty. A mass of curly black hair set off the charming contour of the face.

One evening, a week before the New York Art Exhibition at which Robert Wayne's picture was to be presented, the latter was a guest at a reception given by a noted American. The drawing room was brilliantly lighted, and the air was laden with the scent of white roses. Groups of young people moved idly about the room, filling it with the sound of laughter and gay voices.

Soon the musical program began, and a hush fell over the room. When the third number was announced, there was a slight stir among the guests, and the artist was informed by the blonde girl beside him, that a vocal solo was to be given by Aline Dunbar, who was soon to enter upon a grand opera career. All eyes were centered upon the slender white figure which separated from a group and paused beside the piano. His heart thumping madly, the artist stared in amazement at the girl, hardly daring to believe his eyes. It was only a vision — it could not be —. His picture had come to life! There were the same serene violet blue eyes, the delicate features, the black hair curling in ringlets over the white forehead. A smile like a ray of sunshine hovered for a moment in the misty depths of the blue eyes. Then the wonderful voice began the "Ave Maria."

The artist listened spellbound, his eyes fixed upon the beautiful face, fearful lest he should awake and find it a dream. The girl, dressed in a simple white gown, with a single white rose in her hair, seemed the embodiment of beauty, spiritual and physical.

During the remainder of the [illegible], the artist seemed oblivious of every other being, but he was content to worship his ideal from afar. As the company was breaking up, his hostess touched his arm and said, "I wish you to know Miss Dunbar. Two such geniuses to meet, I am sure." Turning in astonishment, he looked into the face of Miss Dunbar and acknowledged the introduction, in slight confusion. [illegible] here said, for her escort came up to

claim her. Robert Wayne went to his rooms to dream about her as she had looked as she called a laughing "goodnight" over her shoulder.

The next evening he went to a dinner and again met Aline Dunbar. He made no attempt to conceal his joy at this meeting, and Aline Dunbar seemed to be equally glad. Many eyes turned toward them in admiration. "Did you ever see such a pretty couple?" one lady exclaimed enthusiastically, to her husband.

"Isn't he good looking?" sighed an envious girl. "I've never seen two people look so well together."

In the meantime Robert Wayne and Aline Dunbar were getting better acquainted, and the Englishman was finding this new type of girl more and more fascinating.

"I've something to tell you," whispered the artist.

"I'm awfully curious," murmured the girl, raising innocent blue eyes from her plate.

"First," breathed the artist softly, "may I call you 'Aline'?"

She seemed suddenly to find her chicken very absorbing. After a long pause — "Well — Yes, as a special favor, Mr. Wayne."

"Robert," he corrected laughingly.

"Robert," she echoed sweetly.

"As she called a laughing 'goodnight' over her shoulder."

"I've something to tell you, Aline," he repeated.

"Yes?" answered she.

"I have found my ideal at last"——breathed the artist tensely.

"How?" she inquired innocently, looking at him from under her dusky lashes.

"You — you — you —. Don't you understand?" exclaimed the artist, "you are the image of my picture."

The girl dropped her eyes shyly before the look in his. Then her attention was claimed by her other neighbor.

Later in the evening, Robert Wayne made his adieus to his hostess. Passing through the garden, he involuntarily halted at the sound of his name, and a familiar voice. A graceful figure in pale pink silk partly emerged from the shelter of a bush in front of him. Her back was toward him, but he recognized instantly the slight figure, and his heart beat faster.

"Serious?" she said scornfully, "Have you ever seen me so?" She made a quick gesture with her left hand, and the artist caught the flash of a diamond ring.

"Then," responded a cool, masculine voice. "Why do you encourage him?"

"Why —" she laughed heartlessly, "I want to see him squirm."

Dazed by these words, the artist stood as if rooted to the spot. His heart pounded furiously, he clenched his fists and swayed dizzily. The suddenly something within him seemed to give way, and, in an instant he found himself hurrying from the scene of his tragedy — for tragedy it was. His ideal was shattered. After all, this girl was only a sham! Scornful laughter seemed echoing and re-echoing in his ears.

He reached his hotel at last, still in a passion, and, tearing the covering from his picture, he stared at it. The face seemed to mock him, and in his brain rang the words "to see him squirm." With one mad daub the artist obliterated his greatest creation. Peace at last!

The following day Robert Wayne returned to England on the outbound steamer.

No one except perhaps Aline Dunbar knew or guessed why the work of the celebrated English artist did not appear at the exhibition.

The Little Brown Girl on Broadway

MARGARET SEARLE, '16.

APOLLO'S sun-chariot had not long ago sped past the eastern horizon, and was not yet very high in the "Italian" skies. Indeed, the city was just waking, when the good ship Italico left the port of Naples, and turned its stern westward, toward America.

Down on the steerage deck, leaning against the rail, Victor Nicalet with little daughter, Carmen, strained their eyes to catch a last glimpse of their native land. The man was a typical son of Italy, small of stature, olive-skinned, and with those expressive, delicately-cut features that so many of the Italians possess. Little ten-year old Carmen was as pretty a little dusky maiden as ever dwelled under Italian skies. Her eyes were wonderful great — dark stars that twinkled roguishly, or flashed passionately. Just then, they were large and wistful, for was not Carmen viewing for perhaps the last time, her beloved native land. There it lay, far to the east, a mere line on the horizon. Smaller, smaller, it grew, and gradually was lost from sight.

Carmen and her father stood very close to each other, trying hard to keep back the tears; and they talked, together, as they had so many times before, about that strange, far-away, dream country, "'Merica-land." Carmen's eyes glowed. "In 'Merica-land, the streets are paved with gold, father," she spoke in Italian, "and

it rains pennies. No one is poor and starving there, like we were in Italy. And we will earn tons of money, with you playing your violin, and me singing. Some day, we'll come back to Italy."

The ocean-liner ploughed through the placid waters of the Mediterranean, on, through the Straits of Gibralter, and finally, one cool summer morning, pushed into the tossing breakers of the Atlantic.

Carmen was in a fever of excitement. In eight days she would be standing on the soil of her dream-country. How slowly the next eight days passed! Even her many acquaintances on the vessel failed to interest her.

Finally, the eighth day arrived. Carmen was up with the sun, and ran out on the deck. There, towering high out of the waters of New York Harbor, the Goddess of Liberty stood, and behind it the banks of "'Merica-land," lay basking in the morning sunshine.

So Carmen came to "'Merica-land."

* * *

An observant person, who frequented New York City's great thorough-fare, Broadway, might have one day noticed a novelty on one of its busiest corners. It was an Italian man with dark passionate face who poured out his whole soul from a battered violin, also, a little daughter of Italia, sparkling with life and beauty, distinguished in the crowds by her scarlet jacket; a child who carolled all day long in a clear, bird-like voice.

It was none other than Carmen Nicaletti and her father. They had selected one of the busy corners of the thoroughfare, and came every day to the same spot. All day long they poured out their souls on the cold ears of a bustling, jostling throng, who seldom stopped long enough to drop even a penny into the old felt hat. Carmen was a lonely little nightingale among thousands of Americans, in "sky-scrapers," so high that they awed and terrified the little Italian. How grateful she was when some benevolent lady or gentleman would fling a coin into the empty hat!

The June days passed, hot and scorching. Then followed July, hotter still. Victor Nicaletti grew thinner and paler every day. How he longed for the serene, azure skies, the emerald grass of Italy, and the picturesque old edifices of Naples! How he hated this hard, struggling life, that had seemed so rose-colored from a distance! Was "'Merican-land" after all a paradise on earth? How absurd now seemed the fancy that it rained money here! The rain was the same as in Italy, after all, big drops of water that soaked through the thin brown and scarlet jackets, and made the wearers miserably cold and wet. And were the streets paved with gold? No, only with hard red bricks. And after the long day was over, the two musicians would fold up their camp-stools, pocket the handful of pennies, and trudge wearily home to the tenement house. Home? Oh, what an insult to the sacred old world! This gloomy, dirty cell, *home!* Oh, what an injustice to apply that name to the dark space between four dingy walls, and the motley collection of cobwebs, broken chair, and iron cot!

The days began to grow shorter and cooler. September flitted by, then October. Winter set in. The skies were iron-gray. The boisterous north wind came down from his home in the far north. One day, a few snow-flakes fluttered to the ground. The Italians, who had never before experienced a snow storm, looked on, aghast. Carmen called the snow-flakes little pieces of summer clouds which the spiteful north wind had torn to pieces.

Then, trouble really began. Nicaletti, so mused to bleak winds and snow, suffered keenly. He grew thinner and paler each day, and coughed continually. Carmen was openly frightened and asked for the advice of Mrs. Veltheim, a buxom German dame, who lived in the tenement. That worthy lady pronounced that "the man had a cold, and should stay in bed." The poor fellow was only too glad to follow her suggestion.

And so it was that Carmen sallied forth to the corner alone. Harder than

ever, she sang, till it seemed that her heart would burst. Pennies flowed more slowly than ever. Poor little brown girl on Broadway! How brave are you as you stand shivering on the bleak corner! How small you are to breast the tide of trouble, alone in that great metropolis!

A crisis was impending, and at last it came. It was on a December evening, at twilight. Carmen hurried home after a long, weary day, clutching ten pennies in her little brown fist. It was all she had. The tin box at home was empty. She was very anxious. How was father? she wondered.

Into the tenement and up the stairs she fled. Mrs. Veltheim met her in the corridor with frightened countenance. Father was worse, much worse.

Carmen flung open the door, and ran into the room. One glance at her father told the whole tale. "Father's going to the angels," the bewildered child repeated over and over. Then despair swooped down on her, mad, frenzied despair.

Carmen dizzily ran from the room, down the stairs, and into the street. "Help!" she screamed in the Italian tongue. "Help!" "Father's dying." A group of boys followed after her, hooting and jeering. Like an arrow, the girl was speeding along the street. Suddenly, she slipped on a sheet of ice, and fell crash! on the sidewalk.

Dizzy, swaying, she scrambled to her feet and fell heavily against a door opening onto the street. The door sprang open, and Carmen found herself in a dark passage. Not noticing the placard on which was written stage-door, she wondered where she was. Then it all came back to her mind, her father's condition, her own mad race through the streets, and the fall. Fearfully, she stole down the dark passage. Perhaps it led to help! She quickened her pace. There was a light ahead!

What happened next, Carmen could never quite remember. An awful mass of lights and colors! An enormous room! A thousand faces before her. What should she do?

With a rush, the remembrance of her father returned. She would sing to these people — she would earn some money — she would hurry a doctor to father!

So she opened her mouth and sang:

"Italia! Italia!, Italia!"

It was the Italian national hymn, rising on wings of song from the mouth of the child. How wonderful it was! How clear — how heavenly!

Then all was still, the song had ceased! In a body, the audience arose to their feet. Carmen, panic-stricken, leaped from the stage, right into their midst.

Oh, the happenings of those next few minutes! How can they be described! Carmen told her story in Italian, and it was interpreted into English to the crowd. "Won't someone give me a penny?" she had pleaded in conclusion. Yes, Carmen, hundreds of pennies, silver and gold!

Then Carmen led some of them to the tenement. A doctor in the crowd administered medicine to Nicaletti, while the others raved over the wonderful child. . . .

Nicaletti's life was saved that night. All through the winter, he and his little savior lived in peace and comfort in the home of the doctor himself.

One day, Carmen was visited by a great opera singer. "I am the person who was to have been the prima-donna before you came on the stage, to carry the audience to their 'seventh heaven.'" Thus she explained to the bewildered Carmen, in the Italian tongue, "I have some one to adopt you, my little genius, to train you to be a great singer. You will not refuse?"

Carmen's eyes were bulging with surprise. "Why — why —" she stammered. A moment's hesitation ensued. Then the child shook her head. "No, dear lady," she said, "I cannot do as you wish me to. Father and I are going home to Italy." Her eyes glowed as she added, "We are going to a better land than this. We have at last found out that happiness is better than wealth." A few months later, "'Merica-land" said "farewell forever" to the little brown girl on Broadway.

Washington, D. C., October 18, 1914.

Dear Editors:

I wish to acknowledge the receipt of your card and reassure you that I will be only too glad to do what little I can at any time for the WATCH TOWER. It was indeed good news to me to hear that you were going to issue the paper this year as usual and not discontinue its publication as was rumored last spring. The part the WATCH TOWER plays in upholding the spirit of the school cannot be overestimated.

I earnestly hope that the Alumni will continue, as they have in the past, to take an active interest in the WATCH TOWER, as I doubt if there is anything which tends to place a school paper in greater confidence both with the student body and the general public than a hearty co-operation between the paper and the Alumni Association.

You are most probably preparing for the first number and I believe you are commencing what will be a banner year for the paper. With the capable working board and the splendid aid of the faculty members, it is safe to predict that you will issue the most creditable paper in every respect that has ever borne the title of THE WATCH TOWER.

If at any time I can be of any assistance either to the WATCH TOWER or any other organization or activity in the school, do not hesitate to call upon me, for I am eager to show my appreciation of the many good turns Rock Island High School has done for me. Yours most sincerely, JOHN W. POTTER.

Stanford University, Calif., October 15th, 1914.

Alumni Editor of THE WATCH TOWER.

Your postcard came to me like a bomb out of a clear sky (now in this time of aerial warfare it is perfectly proper to make such a statement). Well, as I was saying, here I sneaked all the way out here to enjoy peace, and to recuperate my system in the healthful climate of California after the strenuous exertion of working (free gratis) on the paper. You say that when I left I made the statement that I would write something after I got out of school. I thought I said that I would never write another thing for any paper. But let me tell you what I am willing to do for the good of the old paper. I will send you all the necessary facts for the article and then you can write it up to suit yourselves. Here are the aforementioned facts:

The climate is beautiful (for full particulars consult some railroad folder).
The school is fine.
The palms are much larger than they are in the flower pots at home.
The sky is extra blue and the Freshmen correspondingly green.
The location of the school is very picturesque.
The sun rises in the east and sets in the west.
The studies are so difficult that I have no more time to write.

Your most obedient servant and well wisher, W. I. GANSERT.

Alumni Editor of WATCH TOWER, Rock Island High School.

Enclosed please find check for 75c for subscription to the WATCH TOWER. Am very glad to note that the WATCH TOWER is still being published, and if it is half as good now as it was when it was first published (during my last year at high school), I will feel more than repaid. With best wishes for success and a toast to the success of our R. I. football team, I am

Very sincerely,
S. RICHE, Ensign, U. S. A.

NO leader of men has been greater than Napoleon. But even he "met his Waterloo." So did "Bobby" Pearce, November 2, 1914. Robert Pearce, President of the Sophomore Class, was told to leave "General Assembly." Of course it was a hard thing to do, but "Bobby" manfully rose to the occasion and, likewise, to his feet. Slowly and almost humbly(?) he left the then silent "Assembly."

It has often been said that the English language is inadequate to meet the demands put upon it. In our own school some advance is being made toward remedying this fault. Without a doubt the outcome of this undertaking will be great. The following sentence shows one of the new words "in action" (as they say in these days of warfare): "Man locomotes by walking."

One of the most famous of Edgar Allen Poe's poems is entitled "The Bells." In this selection he has described the sound of sleigh bells, wedding bells, church bells, and alarm bells. He would probably have added "passing" bells, had they been in vogue at the time. But even had he written of the last mentioned his description would most certainly not fit the bell used in Manual Arts Building for several days in December. At the end of each period a sharp metallic clang would sound through the silent halls. Even the teachers would be startled by the harshness of the sound. Yet it accomplished its purpose. There was never any doubt as to when the periods were over.

Eats.

On Friday evening, November the sixth, the R. I. H. S. Press Team were entertained and banqueted in the Manual Arts Reception Hall by Miss Sturgeon. There were many admirable things about this banquet, but one in particular which we wish to mention. Every student found himself between two members of the faculty. Notwithstanding this precaution everyone certainly did justice to the occasion and any sad or gloomy thoughts were speedily put to flight by Mr. Robb's very droll remarks. Among the young ladies of the Domestic Science Class who prepared this banquet was Miss Elizabeth Bryan. One of the members of the Press Team who were banqueted was Leslie Johnson. Miss Bryan really excels in the art of baking cake and then Miss Sturgeon was cruel enough to forbid Leslie from eating any cake because he was training for football. The unanimous (yes, even Leslie would admit it) voice of the Press declared that English was only one of Miss Sturgeon's minor accomplishments.

Y. M. C. A. Reception.

The second annual reception given by the boys' department of the Y. M. C. A. to the High School on November 7, proved to be a big success. About three hundred gathered in the large lobby which was decorated with the High School colors. There they were entertained with violin music by Mr. Licata and his four children. A good mix up game followed. The swimming pool and the gymnasium were also scenes of lively and skillful exhibition. Refreshments served as a fitting close to an evening which had been spent very pleasantly by all.

Dr. Owens Lectures.

On Nov. 10, the students of the High School were addressed by Dr. Owens who gave an illustrated lecture upon the subject of sanitation. The life history of the fly and a moving picture, giving an object lesson on impure milk, were shown. Dr. Owen's lecture proved very instructive and it is hoped that the lessons learned will not soon be forgotten.

You will notice that the pictures of the "R. I." men appear in the Athletic department of this number of the WATCH TOWER. They are the cuts that were used on the cover of "Gridiron Braves," and it was through the kindness of Miss Ballard and Mr. Casto that we were allowed to use them in this issue. Now, if you have not bought a copy of "Gridiron Braves," buy one and learn the other nice things about our football players.

The Celebration of Nov. 14.

In order to make up for the lack of noise at the Moline game, Rock Island's rooters along with a few interested strangers, made a triumphal march through the streets of Rock Island on the night of Nov. 14 and succeeded in informing most of the citizens quite thoroughly that R. I. H. S. had carried off the victory in the afternoon's mighty gridiron crash. Mr. Burton kindly supplied a number of the marchers with torches which gave to the down town district the spectacle of a torchlight procession. The rooters finally made their way to the river bank, then — the mighty bonfire. Many speeches were made, all of which were in harmony with enthusiasm and good wholesome school spirit. After an extended period of triumphal demonstrations, the crowd began to thin out, carrying home sore-throated but happy-hearted R. I. H. S. fans.

A New Method.

The WATCH TOWER has adopted a new method of preparing the paper for press. Previous to this issue, many mistakes have resulted from the printers reading incorrectly the material submitted. It has now been found possible to have our material typewritten. Morris Rosenfield has agreed to do it. In this way we hope to eliminate many of the mistakes which have occurred in previous issues. The new method is tried in this issue for the first time. We hope that you will see the results.

Senior Class Party.

The evening of Dec. 4, 1914, gave to the Seniors of '15 all that could be desired in weather, excitement, good times, and delicious eats. The weather man kindly placed the temperature at a degree just cool enough to inspire all attending with a feeling of brisk and lively anticipation. Then, during that always difficult period before stunts really begin, the Junior boys gallantly came to the rescue of the entertainment committee. They created a welcome diversion by kidnapping Mr. Newton, and as he is an avowed lover of automobile rides and long peculiar strolls at night, they thoughtfully chose him to help them in their little prank. After things really did begin, every one present united to have a gloriously good time. This period of fun making was followed by a real spread at which Mr. Fisher and the Senior President, Bert Metcalf, made short speeches. Departure for home was marked by satisfied faces and many sincere words of enjoyment of an evening which had revealed several delightful pleasures. And who can say about the homeward journeys? We feel sure that many enjoyed that part of the program equally well.

Did you know that one of the Senior youths had played traitor to his class? Being very fond of dainty wild woodsy things, especially "ferns," he set out to find one. Heartlessly this lad passed by all the dainty attractive flowers in the Class of '15. Unsatisfied, weary and tired, having failed to find the object of his search, he at last entered the Junior field. There, amid the cluster of Junior damsels, he found "Fern." Bliss is now contemplating how he can best be two places at once. His locker is in the Senior hall, you understand. But let him beware! How think you the violets, roses, pansies, and other attractive young ladies of the Senior class can best get revenge for such disloyalty, as young gallants in the Class of '15 are rare, or should we say bashful?

Junior Party.

On the night of Dec. 11th the illustrious Junior Class gave a reception for the football team. The festivities were enjoyed by almost a hundred people and reinforcements arrived in time for the "eats." The fun began in the Assembly with a "hand shaking" contest in which Miss Neva Jenks won the prize.

In the next contest, a play on words, using the name of the football men, Miss Winifred Abbott was awarded one prize and Ben Butler the other. A game in which no one could say "I" followed and Kenneth Vernon was given the prize.

Then came the "hit" of the evening, a mock indoor track meet. Robert Ackley and Sol Butler took honors while Ben Butler easily surpassed all others in the standing broad grin.

The crowning event of the evening was next, the supper.

The decorations were carried out in the class colors, brown and gold. Coach Roe acted as toastmaster and some interesting responses were given. Even the Seniors acknowledged the party to be a grand success, for they sent a laurel wreath and a letter of congratulation to the Juniors, who, elated by this appreciation, have promised to hold another party in the near future.

At last "the tables have turned." Two or three weeks ago students who ate their *dinner* at home were looked upon with envy by those who "brought their *lunch*." But that period is over! No more cold "eats" for pupils who cannot go home at noon. No, indeed. Not when hot potatoes, vegetables, etc., can be had for five cents a dish. Instead of coming slowly and dejectedly into the "Commons" five or ten minutes after twelve, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, and members of the Faculty press around the serving table, eargerly waiting their turn to be served. Now, who dares say that this change was not a "turn for the better"?

Ben Greet Players.

December 22, the Ben Greet players appeared at the high school in the presentation of "Twelfth Night," coming under the auspices of the Athletic Association. The production was a great success, and although the association did not clear expenses, the fact that it could bring such a company here was alone quite an evidence of the prosperous year it has passed.

The Adventures of Cupid.

Could anything have been a greater surprise than the news of Mr. Casto's wedding? Had a German Zepplin dropped a bomb in our midst it could not have astonished us more. Jan. 8, 1915, R. I. H. S. said farewell to one more of her bachelors, when Mr. John W. Casto, instructor of history in our school, was united in marriage to Miss Minnie Hobson of Indianapolis, Indiana. Mr. and Mrs. Casto have the school's heartiest congratulations.

The Dunbar Male Quartet gave their entertainment in the Assembly room on the evening of Jan. 12, 1915. This was the second number in the lecture course and if it was a sample of what is yet to come, the rest of the course will certainly be worth hearing.

Excuses seem to be hard for most people to get. As a rule, it takes all your ingenuity to construct a plausible story, all your persuasive smiles, all your fluency of speech, and all your power of enduring the preceeding necessities for at least half an hour in order to make Mr. Burton relent even a little bit. In the end, what do you get? Only a "scrap of paper." Aren't you glad the teachers aren't believers in the German's policy? But you know that there are several Senior boys who find it very easy to secure these "scraps of paper." Either they are more inventive than the rest of us or they hold some irresistible force over those they meet or their oratory is very impressive or their power of endurance is unusually long. Whichever it is, these Seniors are certainly experts in the art of securing excuses. Seldom a day passes that they cannot be seen presenting some one of their teachers with one of those envied white missives. They know how to work it and are willing that you should know. Apply to B. Metcalf and L. Johnson for any information in this line that you desire.

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ROBERT OLMSTEAD, '17.....*Press Notes*

For the Mid-Year Freshmen Only.

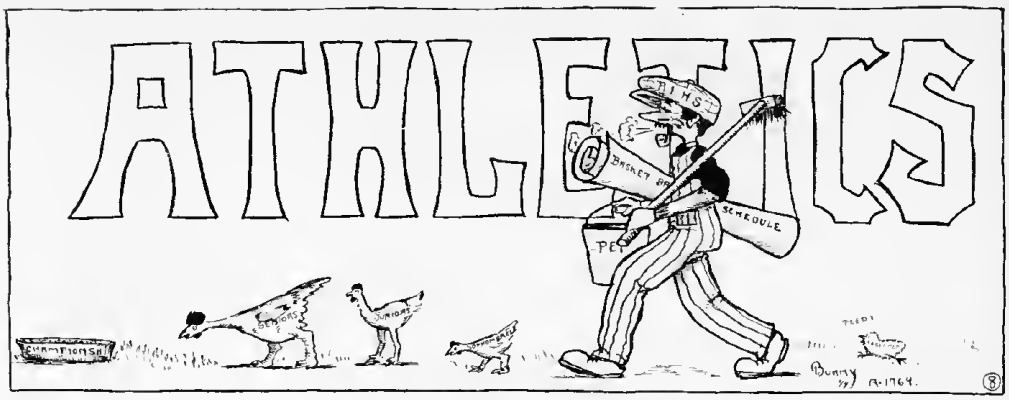
The WATCH TOWER, in behalf of the school, welcomes the mid-year Freshmen and hopes that they may quickly feel at home among their new surroundings. Furthermore, we wish to whisper to them this bit of sound advice: Study hard while you are Freshmen and build a strong foundation for your advanced work. It pays.

A Cheerful High School.

There is not one of us that did not feel something of the good cheer prevailing in the Christmas holidays. No matter how forcibly we may deny any such feeling or how audibly we may scoff at those who are truthful enough to admit it, we know, in our secret hearts, that we too possessed that feeling of good will towards our neighbors which Christmas is known to excite. If we felt kind and jolly during the Christmas festivities, why can't we continue in the same way during this year of 1915? True, we can't have turkey every day, but neither will we run the risk of overeating every day. Besides keeping ourselves happy, we can make others happy; because good cheer is a very contagious disease. School rooms would not seem so dark, lessons so dull, nor teachers so "unreasonable" if each individual were doing his best to retain his good nature. It should not be difficult to keep throughout the year a spirit which comes so easily at Christmas. Let us try to make our school one of the cheeriest in existence.

Promptness.

There must be some reason for so many students being tardy to their classes. Many would say that the time between periods is not long enough. But that is not an excuse at all, because it has been proved by experience that one can easily reach any class in the two buildings in three minutes. Then, too, when five minutes were allowed between periods, there were just as many people tardy. Therefore there must be some other cause. That other cause is lack of "push." We need to develop energy. If we are wide awake and full of ginger, we will be prompt at our classes. A football player who was not prompt with his plays would not be tolerated a moment. It will be the same when we leave school. Promptness will be a necessity for success. While we are in high school is the time to develop this habit. Avoid being late to classes by assuming a gait that shows a real business aim.



Davenport.

THE Davenport team, outweighing Rock Island fifteen or twenty pounds to the man, defeated us Nov. 7, in one of the cleanest games that has ever been played between two tri-city teams. True, Davenport won when points are considered, but in view of the almost overwhelming odds, we can consider the game a tie, at least. The spirit of the two teams towards each other was of the best, the playing was hard, but they played hard, and that was all, no bad words passed between the opposing teams and no pugilistic tactics were used or attempted. Score 21—7.

Moline.

Moline and Rock Island High Schools resumed football relations after a lapse of three years, on Nov. 14, one week after the Davenport game. Moline felt confident of a victory, as she had defeated Rockford, the strong team which bested Rock Island earlier in the season. To aid their team, which was slightly heavier than Rock Island, the Moline authorities called out their fire department and soaked Browning Field until the gridiron was slippery with mud and water. Their assistance proved to be of great value, as the slippery field kept Butler from getting started, and he failed in most of his attempts to make end runs. Score 12—0.

"Gridiron Braves."

CAPTAIN ARTHUR "SKILLET" HINKLEY.

Hinkley, captain of the team, has had a hard row to hoe. He has been shifted from quarter to half all season, and has never played the same position two weeks in succession. Let him be given credit for this, he fought his greatest fight off the field. Hinkley set an example in training which was worthy of any captain and might well have been copied by all the players. He played hard while able, but a lack of endurance, which he could not get, made him unable to stand the strain of a long game.

WILL "RED" GLEASON.

Gleason, captain elect, played most of the year at tackle, being awarded this place on the second all-state team. It was not until the Moline game that his possibilities at half back were discovered. He was kept out of the game for a quarter in order that he might become imbued with more fight on the field, and the result justified the action. He hit the line hard, sped around the ends and dodged in veteran style, making the first touchdown, and the Swede that got past him with the ball was not seen throughout the game. All in all, he will make a fine captain next year, and we surely hope that he may be the pilot of an all-state team.

SOLOMON "SOL" BUTLER.

His face wreathed in one great big, broad smile, of which his teeth are the most prominent part, the ball under his arm, his feet carrying him around the end and through the broken field with world-beating speed, then a touchdown — that is our picture of Sol. He is the only man from this town to get a place on the all-state team for some years, and Sol could be put at any place on it, because of his knowledge of the game. He has been the mainstay of Rock Island this year, and Davenport, Moline, yes, all of the teams we have played this year have had the slogan, "Get Butler," but no team has stopped him from making at least one touchdown, while in one game he made somewhere around eight.

ROBERT "BOB" ACKLEY.

Ackley has won his third "R. I." in football. He is one of the local boys to be picked for the second all-state eleven at his regular position, half back. In all his playing he has been steady and reliable, having a good trick of following his interference and picking holes in the line. His habit of making neat gains at the right time makes Bob one of the most valuable men on the team.

JOEL "JITNEY" NICHOLS.

Nichols is another of our second all-state men, being picked for a guard. He played his first year in High School, being one of the "Immigrants." Because of his first year of playing and his light weight the placing of him at guard is certainly surprising. None of his opponents wish to dispute his position, and while handicapped with a severe injury to his knee, he has played one of the most gritty games of any of the fellows on the team, and deserves great credit for it.

RAY "PETE" CRISWELL.

Criswell is another of the "Immigrants," and was given honorable mention for the first all-state team for his steady consistent playing. One thing about Criswell that sets him above the ordinary player, he does as he is told, and works hard all the time, whether winning or losing. What is better in any man? His obedience to coaches is something that is a rare thing on Rock Island teams, but Pete is always "right there" when needed.

FRANK "MILAN" LOOBY.

Looby, the third of the imported players, is a valuable man to the team. His position is at end, and he stars in all of its departments. He is a hard, sure tackler and is good at receiving and intercepting forward passes, and is "game" clear through. He is a fellow who plays for the team and school, and does the most he can to put them on top. Frank is also very diligent in his studies, something to be proud of.

ARDO "PICH" GAETJER.

Gaetjer has played his third year in High School football. He is a fine end, sure and hard in tackling, and recovers about one-fourth of the fumbles made when he plays in a game following the ball, and pouncing on it as soon as the man drops it. He is also a good back field man, giving good interference and carrying the ball at a fast rate, and is hard to down. He likes nothing better than football, except possibly hunting

EDGAR "ED JIM" JAMES.

James, the demon Welshman, (to his credit?) and Junior class president, is somewhat of a football player. He played his first game on the gridiron this season, and because of his steady, hard playing was given a place at regular guard. He has shown heavier and more experienced players a few little tricks that are invaluable, and has been the cause of bad dreams to opposing backs because of his fondness for downing men before they get started.

WILL "SON BILL" CULLEY.

Culley has done his regular stunt this fall, turned up when needed. He was star for the scrubs until it was found that he was the best man on the squad for the center position. His playing in the Davenport game against a much heavier and more experienced man showed his true worth. His passing from the pivot position is accurate, few times have men in the backfield blamed a bad pass from Bill for their fumbles. All considered, he did remarkable work, and has earned his first "R. I."

CLIFFORD "CLIFF" WHISLER.

"Cliff," following in his brother's footsteps, held down the fullback position this year. Although this is his first year as a High School regular, he has starred on independent teams. His line plunging is of the best. He often goes on for about five yards with a miscellaneous collection of opponents on his neck and shoulders, and very few men get through him on secondary defense. Cliff gets them as soon as their head shows through the tangle in the line. He will no doubt be one of the mainstays on the team next season.

LESLIE "TOUGH" JOHNSON.

Johnson is another man who was pulled away from the victorious scrubs and put in the regular lineup. He did fine work on the scrubs, being responsible for their good showing, but he did much better on the regular team. He was played at end most of the games because of his sure tackling, but that Moline game, *who will forget?* He has the quarterback's trick of doing the opposite from what the opposing team expects, and is given credit for beating his countrymen, the Scandinavians, on Nov. 14. He has earned his letter on merit alone, and everyone is glad to see him get it.

VIVIAN THOMAS.

"Maggie" acted as sub for any position in the back field this year, and considering the quality of his playing towards the last of the year, there is no doubt but what he will be able to land a permanent berth next season. No one will ever forget the playing of this long, lanky Irishman in the Monmouth game.

LEO "DUTCH" WAGNER.

Wagner played his best game at the beginning of the year. Although a green man, he worked through the scrubs line in a way that made the other candidates for the position despair. His playing against the heavy, fast Alumni was of the best, but his great speed could not be kept up. However, he has always been the first to be sent in when a place in the line was found to be weakening, and always played his best.

FAY "FARMER" REEVES.

Reeves is not as good on the gridiron as on the basketball floor, but nevertheless plays a fast, hard game of football. His best position is at end, where his ability to handle forward passes makes him of great value when the open style of play is used. His kicking powers are exceptional; he is one of the best punters on the team. He is also good at other duties of the end, tackling, and breaking up the opponent's interference.

BLISS "JOY" RINCK.

Bliss is another of the men who helped to make the scrubs successful before he was given a full try out with the regulars. Perhaps because of his grudge against some of the Scandinavians, or perhaps "just because," he played better than his best, if such a thing is possible, in that Moline game. His playing against Moline was what helped in a large measure to best them, for Bliss broke up plays right and left, and helped make big holes for the man with the ball.

MYER "MIKE" MORRIS.

After two years of effort Mike succeeded in winning his letter. Being general utility man, Myer was used in nearly every position on the team. His game against Aledo will be remembered as his best effort of the season. In the Moline game, Morris succeeded in crossing the goal line for six additional points, but the referee ruled that his touchdown did not count. Anyhow Mike gets his "R. I." and if he is happy so are we.

Summary of Games.

Sept. 27. Rock Island 6, Alumni 0. At Rock Island.
Oct. 4. Rock Island 76, Aledo 0. At Rock Island.
Oct. 11. Rock Island 0, Rockford 21. At Rockford.
Oct. 18. Rock Island 53, Ottawa 0. At Rock Island.
Oct. 25. Rock Island 73, Monmouth 0. At Rock Island.
Nov. 1. Rock Island 27, Princeton 7. At Princeton.
Nov. 7. Rock Island 7, Davenport 21. At Davenport.
Nov. 11. Rock Island 12, Moline 0. At Moline.
Totals. Rock Island 254. Opponents 49.

Basketball.

Those of us who have watched the team in action in the games played, feel sure that the Rock Island High School has men on the floor who will give a good account of themselves and their school. Taking advantage of the early close of the football season by our team, Captain Fay Reeves had the squad in working

order about one month ahead of the usual time for calling out candidates. The early scrimmages developed some of the men wonderfully and it is thought that the vacancies caused by the graduation of the class of 1914 will be easy to fill.

Manager Hill has arranged a hard schedule, beginning much earlier than in former years, and all of the teams to be played have good reputation and can be expected to put up hard fights for all the points.

Alumni.

Coming onto the floor with a collection of stars of former years, the Alumni team made hard work for the undergraduates. Captain Chalk of the grade made every effort to put a team on the floor that would put the school on the bottom, but it was of no use. The game, however, was fast from start to finish, though there was much rough work, and the school barely escaped with the larger number of points. Captain Reeves was the highest scorer for the school, getting 5 baskets, the final score being 30 to 22.

The Faculty Game.

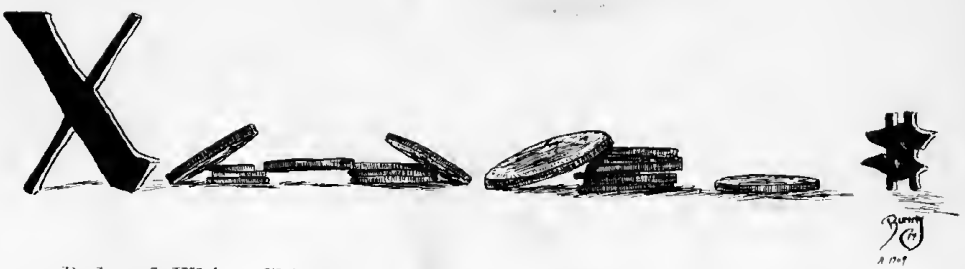
The faculty was an unknown quality when they went out to beat the school team. Captain Cook and Will Robb were already players of repute, but Actenhagen, Myers and Starr were "dark horses." At all events, they came near to finishing the school team, and would have undoubtedly "done them brown" had they been in better basket practice.

The game was played in quarters to allow spaces for recuperating the breathing organs of the pedagogues, and at the end of the last quarter the score stood 48 to 32 in favor of the school. Come again on the floor, Ye Faculty!

The WATCH TOWER, on behalf of the basketball team, wishes to thank the Y. M. C. A. for their kindness in granting the team the use of their "gym" through the Christmas vacation.

Sterling.

The team played the fast Sterling aggregation on the Sterling Y. M. C. A. floor Dec. 21, being defeated by the close score of 21 to 19. The main cause of the defeat was the peculiarity of the Sterling floor and baskets. The floor is only thirty feet square, a "cracker box," and the baskets were evidently the product of a blacksmith shop. Sterling will come here soon for a return game, and a drubbing is faithfully promised.



Red and White, Chicago, Ill. — A very interesting paper. The Screech department is especially clever.

The Manual, Peoria, Ill. — We are always glad to receive new exchanges. Your November issue is one of the best we have had sent to us this year.

The Carbon, Carbon County, Utah. — Another new exchange and the only one we receive from a county High School.

The Times, Fort Madison, Iowa. — We like your idea of having a music and art department. Your cuts are very good.

The Lombard Review, Galesburg, Ill. — Why don't you have a literary department? It would add much to the attractiveness of your paper.

The Owl, Rockford, Ill. — Your literary department is very good. The "Soliloquy A La Hamlet" in the November number is exceptionally clever.

We hope that the exchange department of other schools will take the remarks we have passed upon their papers in the spirit in which they are given — the spirit of friendly criticism. In return we invite them to comment upon our magazine, for only by learning what "others think of us" can we expect to improve our work or correct our errors.

The other exchanges received during November and December are: *The Daily Maroon, The Western Courier, The Scoop, The Verdudette, Student Life, The Daily Northwestern, The Scarlet and Black, The Knox Student, The Interlude, Eugene High School News, The Monmouth College Oracle, The Stentor, The Gallian, The High School Clipper, The Review, Upsala Gazette, Augustana Observer, The Boomer, The Albany High School Whirlwind.*

"As Other See US."

Watch Tower, Rock Island, Ill. — A new exchange. We welcome you most heartily. Your stories and jokes are good, and your cuts are exceptionally fine. Come again.

From *The Carbon.*

The Watch Tower: A breezy, live school paper. How do you support your paper without any advertisements? By a high subscription rate?

From *The Boomer.*

Exchanges are sent to us from Missouri, Iowa, Indiana, Oregon, Oklahoma, Utah, New Jersey, Illinois, and Ohio.

Clifford Meyers: "He was born in 1474 at an early age."

Erlamoud Delany: (after reading the announcement "Big Pep Meeting"): "Does 'Pep' mean Freshman?"

Miss Buhlig: "What do you learn here?"

Clifford Meyers: "I don't know."

Impossible.

Miss Neese (giving directions for making coffee): "Each four girls in a coffee pot."

Miss Conger (to Francis Rhoades on parallel bars): "Don't hold your breath."

Francis: "Well, I haven't anything else to hold to."

Hazel Strecker: "I'm going to give her a piece of my mind."

Marie Williams: "Oh, I wouldn't give anything away as valuable as that."

Miss Ballard: "From what term do we get the word 'bait'?"

Lucille C.: "Fishing."

Melba Carlson: "I guess I'll quit school and study——"

Grace B.: "What?"

Melba: "Architectural drawing."

Mary Z.: "What kind of powder do you use?"

Dora L.: "Baking powder."

Miss Buhlig: "Look at me or you will miss something."

Mil Hudson (looking at her shoe): "Oh, girls, I'm losing my sole."

Alice U.: "Let's try to save her."

Caesar conquered nations,
A mighty man was he,
And in the fourteenth chapter
Caesar conquered me.—*Ex.*

Mr. Casto: "What is the difference between the grand jury and the petit jury?"

Claude: "The grand jury is higher than the petit jury."

Mr. Casto: "Oh, so there are taller men in the grand jury than there are in the petit."

He: "Did you know they were not accepting buffalo nickels at any of the Chicago banks?"

She: "No. Why?"

He: "They are afraid of the hoof and mouth disease."—*Ex.*

Mr. Robb: "What is a romance?"

Bessie Elwell: "It's a story in which they get married and live happily ever after."

Girls' faults are many,
Boys have only two,
Everything they say
And everything they do.—*Ex.*

High School Infirmary.

PATIENT.	DISEASE.	REMEDY.	REMARKS.
Ben Butler	Unsatisfied hunger	Feed constantly	Hopeless
Georgianna Brinkerhaff	Too long name	Marriage	Hope
Don Jones	Chronic grin	Muzzle	No hope
Rodney Lamont	Tardiness	An alarm clock	Impossible
C. Myers	Stubbornness	Keep head in a bucket of water for an hour every day	Patient remains same
All of us at times	Empty pocketbook	Kind friend	Hopeful

The following business men are subscribers and supporters of the WATCH TOWER:

Adams Wall Paper Company.
Otto Bergfeld.
H. C. Cheer, Jeweler.
Cable Music House, 1086—3rd Ave.
Frank E. Crampton, 4103—7th Ave.
Gustafson & Hayes, City.
Y. M. C. A.
Mosenfelder & Sons, City.
Myers Optical Co., City.
M. & K., City.
McCabe, L. S.
Palace Confectionery.
Peoples Power Co.
Peoples National Bank.
R. I. Hardware Co.
Red Cross Pharmacy.
R. I. National Bank.
R. I. Savings Bank.
Ullemeyer, Clothier.
Young & McCombs.